

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst; leaue working:

SONG.

O Rphens with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Euer thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Falls asleepe, or hearing dyes.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me say so Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere: what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, false from fauour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey & Campian.

Wol. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houwife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we shall giue you
The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere.

There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscience
Deserues a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
About a number) if my actions
Were tri'd by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so euen. If your busines
Secke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;

I am not such a Truant since my comming,
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in: (ous:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
if you speake truth, for their poore Mistis sake;
Beleeue me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'st sinne I euer yet committed,
May be absolu'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my integrity shoul breed,
(And seruice to his Maiesty and you)
So deepe suspicion, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour euery good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You haue too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the waighy difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer
(Like free and honest men) our iust opinions,
And comforts to our cause.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Seruice, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answer
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit,
And to such men of grauity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse;
For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me haue time and Councell for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings loue with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare giue me Councell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,
(Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)
And liue a Subject? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, liue not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace
Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
Hee's louing and most gracious. I will be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is about all yet; there sits a Iudge.
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes vs.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

I haue more Charity. But say I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heauens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall vpon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meere distraction,
You turne the good we offer, into enuy.

Queen. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you haue me
(If you haue any iustice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
To me, about this wretchednesse? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this.

Camp. Your feares are worse.

Queen. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)
Neuer yet branded with Suspicion?
Haue I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my Prayres to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords,
Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Loy, beyond his pleasure;
And to that Woman (when she has done most)
Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.

Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.

Queen. My Lord,
I dare not make my selfe so guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.

Car. Pray heare me.

Queen. Would I had neuer trod this English Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the most vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almost no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistis of the Field, and flourish'd,
He hang my head, and perish.

Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest,
You'd feele more comfort. Why shold we (good Lady)
Vpon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profession is against it;
We are to Cure such sorrowes, not to sowe 'em.
For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do,
How you may hurt your selfe: I, vterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
So much they loue it. But to Rubborne Spirits,
They swell and grow, as terrible as stormies.
I know you haue a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,
Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.
Camp. Madam, you'l finde it so:
You wrong your Vertues

With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer casts
Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you loose it not: For vs (if you please
To trust vs in your businesse) we are ready
To vse our vtmost Studies, in your seruice.

Queen. Do what ye will, my Lords:

And pray forgive me;
If I haue vs'd my selfe vnmanly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a seemely answer to such persons.
Pray do my seruice to his Maiestie,
He ha's my heart yet, and shall haue my Prayers
While I shall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,
Bestow your Councels on me. She now begges
That little thought when she set footing heere,
She should haue bought her Dignities so deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. If you will now vuite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
Cannot stand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustaine moe new disgraces,
With these you beare already.

Suf. I am ioyfull

To meete the least occasion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peeres

Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stampe of Noblenesse in any person
Out of himselfe?

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures:
What he deserues of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his access to th' King, neuer attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
ouer the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not,
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him, that for euer marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure.

Suf. Sir,
I should be glad to heare such Newes as this
Once euery houre.

Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wish mine Enemy.

Suf. How came
His practises to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Suf. O how? how?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And